## The Standard.

[From the N. Y. Evening Post.] Two Millions. BY WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER. Author of "Nothing to Wear."\*

The new poem delivered by Mr. Butler before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College last evening bears a general family or paternal likeness to its predecessor, the celebrated "Nothing to Wear." It is a longer poem, is a continuous story of more body and invention, and the author has wisely exchanged tripping dactyls and anapests for the heroic rhyme, which, if less suited to the lighter movements of the narrative, greatly strengthens the numerous serious passages. The manner and relief of the two poems are much the same, alternating familiar pleasantry with weighty sentiment, pursuing with ease the old track of the poet,

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe." A prelude to the poem is so clear an exposition of the author's intent, and so felicitous a specimen of his manner, that it may be accepted as a fair criticism of the work:

" Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart and write!" So sang in other days that gentle Knight, Gentlest and bravest, in undying song, Like his own temper, sweet, screne, and strong. "Look in thy heart and write." such was the word In the wide woodlands, through the shadows, heard By our own Household Bard, when on his ear The Voices of the Night fell soft and clear.

And such the bigh behest which comes ofttimes To the true poet of all years and climes, The Master Minstrel, from whose golden thought The perfect types of human song are wrought, To whom all men give place, and meaner things Sink into Sabbath stillness while he sings. Not so my week-day Muse; to me she cries, Look through the world which all about you lies, The noisy town, its common, daily life, Flushed with coarse passions, hot with selfish strife. The crowded street, the dens of Vice and want, The gilded halls where Pride and Fashion flaunt, And from their mingled threads, the grave, the gay, Weave, if you will, the Epic of To-Day.
"Forego," she cries, "the boyish dream of Fame, Speak as you see, careless of praise or blame.
Draw at a venture; it may be, the point
Of your chance shaft shall pierce a yielding joint. Of your chance shaft shall pierce a yielding joint In the stout harness of some veteran wrong, Or full armed folly, in its vantage strong. Let but the word be honest and sincere, For him alone whose inner sight is clear From mist of passion or of selfish fear, The truth, white-robed, shall, like a Vestal, wait Beside the shrine and sacred fires of Fate, Whose touch ethereal gives the eye to see

Things as they are, not as they seem to be!" The "veteran wrong" is the ostentatious, callous display of wealth with its preliminary and attendant

FIRKIN was worth Two MILLIONS; his Inventory Of Real and Personal, told the pleasing story; Two solid Millions, every body said it, Was not his name a luminous orb of credit? Was not his praise in every city Bank? Was he not foremost in the foremost rank Of MERCHANT PRINCES, that invincible host, The Empire City's proud, imperial boast, Her veteran guard, whose brilliant cash advances, Not with fixed bayonets and bristling lances, But with sharp bargains and keen speculations, Bolder than ever Templars or Crusaders, They sweep the distant seas, these daring Traders, Than fabled Argonauts, or Classic Casars, They grasp the World, these modern Golden Fleecers?

Think not, in this last verse, my Muse evinces The slightest disrespect to Merchant Princes; There are whose hearts are large and frank and loyal, Whose human nature, like their wealth, is roval; In whose free hands the glittering, dangerous dust Is not mere money, but a sacred trust; Long may we keep their true, untainted line, Such men are princes by a righ divine. Such was not Firkin; in his principality Worse than high treason was all liberality. No ray of bounty, with unselfish cheer, Threw its bright beam across that dark frontier, Where every friendly grace of heart or hand Was seized and fortified as contraband. You read it in his eye, dull, dark, and stern. Which clutches the light, but grudged a kind return, In genial glances, through the open day, And with a shrewd suspicion turned away. His hard, square features, like an iron safe, Locked in his thoughts; no chance, unnoted waif Of fugitive feeling, unawares betrayed The inner man, or mental stock in trade. The portly figure, with its solvent air, Proclaimed to all the world the Millionaire His purse and person both at fullest length, And even the higher law which he obeyed, With all his heart and soul and mind and strength, To love his maker, for he was SELF-MADE! Self-made, self-trained, self-willed, self satisfied, He was, himself, his daily boast and pride, His wealth was all his own; had he not won it With his own cunning skill? There shone upon it No grateful memories of another's toil, No flowers of friendship graced its sandy soil, No ties ancestral linked it with the past, As in his hard, close hands he held it fast.

His notions of ancestry, his supplemental tomb of heraldry in his purchased coat of arms-He had it painted on his carriage doors, Stamped on his spoons, and inlaid in his floors; It shone, resplendent, on each piece of china; No work of art, he fancied, could be finer, When he beheld its lines, so bright and wavy, Gleam in the soup and glimmer through the gravy! Pleased as a child with every seperate view, Or a New Zealander with a fresh tattoo!

-his way of wealth, a transcript from Wall street : his creed, a picture marked by one of those fine transitions from hard vulgar life into the domain of imagination and feeling, characteristic of the poem: And yet, he seemed devout; without much search, You might have found, on any Sunday morning,
His visible coach, outside the visible church,
With green and gold its sacred front adorning.
A gorgeous coachman, somewhat flushed with sherry, A footman, portly with perpetual dinners, Waited, While Firkin in the sanctuary, With many other "miserable sinners," Cushioned the carnal man in drowsy pews, Dozed over gilt-edged rubric, prayer and psalter, Rose with the music, looked with liberal views, On prima donnas, never known to falter, In chant or solo, hymn, or anthem splendid, And still enchanting when the chant was ended; Then sat or knelt, grave as the altar bronzes, And went through all the usual responses. Those solemn prayers, those litanies sublime, The ancient Church first taught the lips of Time, Thenceforth to sound forever—as when first, Flooded with light, the lips of Memnon burst From their cold stillness, and rejoicing, gave, Back to the flood of Day, its tide upbo Of rarest harmony, wave answering wave, Deep calling unto deep, Music to Morn! Those lofty chants, first echoed under domes Of starry midnight, or in catacombs Where, by rude altars and sepulchral tombs, Deep in the rocky earth, the vestal choirs Rehearsed their music for the martyr-fires; Now swelled from lips of people or of priest To fall on Firkin's ear without the least Responsive utterance, or the faintest notion That they had any reference to devotion;

-his pnilanthropy or missnthropy, which set down poverty as a crime and liberality as only its encouragement; his politics, which-- took on the Neutral tints,

A safe complexion for a Merchant Prince, Who valud Government for its protection To wealth and capital against insurrection. He thought that legislation should be planned, And the great Ship of State equipped and manned, Solely with reference to the property owners, Those cabin passengers, our American Peerage, While you and I, and other luckless Jonahs, Who work the ship, or suffer in the steerage, He reckoned dangerous chaps who raised the gales Which roared and rattled through the spars and sails:

-these are all marked etchings of familiar traits. Firkin may any day be met with on 'Change; if he is out of town at this moment, Newport and Saratoga will show you a hundred of him. The matrimonial life of such a man is of course a failure. The struggle for wealth, ossifying process, the upward effort through the tough crust of worldliness, has been beyond the endurance of that simple womanhood, the wife, a delicate plant buried premature beneath the hard soil. She left an adopted daughter, to be supported by the widower's convenience and ostentation, till she marries a youth whose lack of money making was his crime, when she is discarded. Her story is the pathos of the poem. The "thin spun life" of the husband is cut short, and we have Rachel brought face to face with the woman's question :

Thus in her widowhood, a prisoner, In all the earth there was no place for her. She was a lady once; there was the rub; She had no heart to beg, no strength to scrub, Or earn days' wages at the washing-tub; And when she looked, as many a sorrowing sister, And when she looked, as many a sorrowing sister, Before and since, down that attractive Vista Which opened to her sight with joys o'erflowing, That charming view, a lifetime of plain sewing; She found that all its fascinating scenery Was quite cut up and ruined by machinery! Just as the rapid rattle on the rail

\* New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1858.

Destroys the calm of some secluded vale. She saw the new Invention's tiny shaft,
As in its nimble task it plied and ticked;
It seemed as if the wicked minion laughed
At the slow thimble, and the fingers pricked
With weary stitches and cried out in glee,
Give up the race, you can't compete with me,
The seamstress sinks before the Peterstein The seamstress sinks before the Patentee!

She looked for help to her own sex, to those Strong-minded women who have come to blows With all mankind, and publish their intentions In fierce debates and furious conventions; To one of these she went and sat and wondere As the Olympian Junos stormed and thundered : It was exciting, but the heated place Threw not a ray of light upon her case. She did not long to cut the social throat, She did not want two husbands or one vote, Or to discard her gentle, womanly nature, For any seat in any legislature. If she had owned an acre, on its axis. While the world turned, she would have paid her taxes, With or without a representative, For what she wanted was a chance to live, A seat at Nature's table, and a share In human sympathy and love and care. Poor child! she found the march of Woman's Rights is not for her who suffers, but who fights, And the prime maxim, in its foremost van, Not Love to Woman but Revenge on Man! In her despair she turns to Firkin. Who will not

recognize the habitat of the gentleman? She sought him at his house, that lofty pile, Built on the avenue, in the latest style Of Merchant Princes, grand, grotesque and florid, Out of the finest freestone ever quarried. In its erection, as he oft declared To wondering visitors, no expense was spared, And had he said, no order of architecture, Twould have been truer still, as I conjecture. The builders, with their taste so fine and funny, Laid themselves out, as well as Firkin's money, And in a way that beggars all description, Blended Corinthian, Gothic and Egyptian, And other famous styles with classic rarities, In one grand jumple of brown-stone vulgarities. Twas bad enough outside, but once within, It was like probing deeper than the skin Some mammoth fester, such its tainted mixtures Of decorations, furniture and fixtures. It seemed as if a bomb-shell, charged and loaded With paint, and gilt, and plaster, had exploded, Without regard to anybody's feelings, On walls and columns, cornices and ceilings. The ambitious plasterers had eclipsed the builders, And in their turn were outdone by the gilders; The painters then-beside whose rich adorning, The brightest rainbow would have seemed deep mourning From lowest basement up to topmost attic, The whole was gorgeous, glaring and prismatic; Pannelled and kalsomined, and striped, and starred, Paint by the bucket, frescoes by the yard, Laid on in thickest layers by battalions Of exiled red Republican Italians! With pots and brushes, blues and greens and yellows, They scaled the walls, the bold designing fellows, And took the house by storm with their mythology, Fruits, flowers, flamingoes, landscapes and zoology, Mermaids and Fauns, Arcadian shepherdesses, Long in the ringlets, scanty in the dresses, Heroes and gods and goddesses and ogres, Nymphs in pink tunics, sages in red togas, Heads of Old Masters, shaded somewhat duller, And full length Venuses, all in flesh color! Then following up the grand Two Million plan, Where paint left off, upholstery began; The latest artist at fresh marvels aims, Acres of mirrors in prodigious frames, And miles of damask spread in rich expansion Of gilt and crimson, through the costly mansion; Incredible carpets, which outstared the ceiling, With flaming hues that set the brain to reeling, And with the walls in one fierce blaze united-O what a sight, when all the gas was lighted, And Firkin, seated with some fellow snob, Surveyed the scene beneath the brilliant streamers, Declared the parlors were "a splendid job, Which went ahead of all the Collins steamers; Taylor's saloon, when every jet is on; Or the new Capitol at Washington!" And echoed back the truthful observation

There's nothing like it in the whole creation!" She is "quarantined in the portico" by the footman, lest the plague of poverty should spread further. Contrast the picture just given with her abode: The TENEMENT HOUSE, o'er which no friendly movement Has waved the Enchanter's wand of "Modern Improve-

With half-cracked walls and windows all askew. Stamped with the blight of beggary through and through, Lintel and door-post sprinkled with its sign, House after house, extends the dismal line; A dreary sight to philanthrophic eyes, Between the gutter and the distant skies, By filth and noise me odors marked and tracked, Through the dense districts where the poor are packed. Crowded and swarming in those wretched hives, Layer on layer of cheap human lives! Or, if you think the picture overdrawn, Go for yourself, if you have never gone; Go in mid-winter, when the drifting sleet, Through the bare hall pursues your freezing feet, And, as from room to room you hurry past, The crazy building rattling in the blas At doors ajar, gaunt faces peep and glare, In hopes some friendly step may linger there. Go in mid summer—when the August rays Pour on the place their fierce, untempered blaze; From the scorched pavement to the sun-struck eaves, No point of shade the flaming mass relieves, And the hot air, with rank and poisonous breath, Through doors and windows puffs disease and death. Or go as Firkin went-on some bright day, When all without glows in the cheerful ray; And as your footsteps cross the mouldering sill, Feel the cold dampness and the sudden chill Strike through your shivering sense with omens ill: He felt it not, through all the livelong year, He walked, encircled in an atmosphere, Filtered and rarified to that degree, By his Two Million power of solvency, That such impressions had no power of stealing Into his perfect vacuum of feeling.

Firkin is brought to the spot to look after his rents, meets Rachel, is sternly rebuked, goes home, looks over his papers, and is found in the morning apparently dead, the two segments of his will torn asunder, clutched in either hand. It is a nice question for the lawyers, whether the destruction of the will was intentional or an accidental result of a dying convulsion. Council meet at the summons of hasty relatives before he is buried:

Sprang into life, full armed, with poisoned breath, "Will" and "No Will," their test and shibboleth And, when the Lawyer came, both sets of heirs Pounced fiercely on him, claiming he was theirs. He calmed the uproar, heard the story through, And strove in vain to catch its hidden clue. To tear his Will had Firkin really meant, Or was it only a strange accident? Perchance a question purely of intent, Perchance of doubtful law; in either view, The case was novel and the point was new; And, it was plain at the first observation, Good for a Trojan War of litigation. Straight on the lawyer's clear, prophetic sight, THE FIRKIN WILL CASE rises into light, Latest and greatest of the famous causes, About last wills, their codicils and clauses. He sees the eager birds of prey who wait, Around the carcase of the huge estate. In the dim chambers of the Surrogate; Three bulky quartos stuffed with the proceedings, Ten leading Lawyers crammed with special pleadings; A hundred witnesses on either side. With cross-examinations scarified; And twenty doctors, portly and persistent, With twenty theories, all inconsistent! But, fairest sight of all, besides, he sees A princely revenue of costs and fees, No risk of loss, no client to be dunned, All the expenses charged upon the Fund!

At once two parties, in that house of Death,

The original of this sketch is not probably far to seek. The lawyer's advice we do not remember to have seen before in any printed proceedings. It is too long to quote, and too good to be neglected. We recommend all parties concerned to pages 67-70. The views, consultations and general flutter among

the legal profession, are dwelt upon with professionunction. We must close our record, however, more rapidly than they set us the example. Rachel hurries to the bed-side of the millionaire; he recovers in her presence, to totter through a few years of broken existence:

She led him back; from that dark, dismal night, A Wreck and ruin. For the fearful stroke Had shattered all his frame and left its blight On all his senses. Nevermore they woke To that quick vigor which before he prized As all of life; broken and paralyzed, With shrunken, wasted form, he draws his breath In that dim Border land 'twixt Life and Death. Yet not unblessed, for in the fatal thrill Which rent his spirit, like his own torn Will, It seemed as if some human springs which lay Unknown within him, hidden far away Under the worthless rubbish of his wealth, Were all unlocked; and now, as if by stealth, The light of Heaven creeps through his tremulous sense, And sheds its grace on his late penitence!

Her part is touched with beauty and tenderness religion claims the daughter of affliction, and gold cannot dispute the heavenly prize: And while each deepening shadow round her falls, She waits, like Mary, till the Master calls!

The poem ends with one of the most beautiful and pathetic tributes to woman ever penned: Nor waits alone. Such have there ever been, Since human grief has followed human sin—
The patient, perfect Women! As they climb, With bleeding feet, the flinty crags of Time, Not for the praise of man, or earth's renown, They bear the cross and wear the martyr's crown. Though Queenly medal, stamped with Royal Heads, Their humble toil to endless honor weds;

Though, like a bow of Hope, their fame is bent,
From side to side of each broad Continent;
And pictured Volume, with its tinted page,
Bears their meek features to the coming Age;
A higher joy their gentle spirits reap,
Where, all unknown, their silent watch they keep,
Far from the echo of the world's applause,
Through sultry noon, or midnight's dreary pause— Far from the echo of the world's applause,
Through sultry noon, or midnight's dreary pause—
Where helpless infants gasp their parting breath,
Cradled in sorrow and baptized with Death;
Or strong men, tossing, with delirions lips,
In fever-tempests and the mind's eclipse,
Plunge through the starless storm, like foundering ships;
Or Old Age, shrinking from the tyrant's clutch,
Feels, through the darkness, for their tender touch—
Watching and waiting, till the rising Morn
Shall greet their saintly faces, pale and worn
With the long vigil, as they steal away,
Through darkened chambers, at the dawn of day,
Unloose the casement to the early air,
Hail its pure radiance with their purer prayer. Hail its pure radiance with their purer prayer, Drink in fresh courage with its quickening breath, Then shut the sunlight from the bed of Death, But bear, serenely, to the sufferer's side
A brighter beauty than the Morning tide—
Faith's golden dawning, which, from heights above, Transfigures Toil to Joy! Duty to Love! No eye beholding, save their risen Lord's, Who sees in secret but in sight rewards! Their fairest earthly crown, the wreath that twines, Not round loud Platforms, or proud Senate Domes, But those pure Altars, those perpetual Shrines, Which grace and gladden all our Saxon Homes!

This poem, if its predecessor, in its numerous im itations, has not already done so, is likely to origin ate a new school of humanitarian compositions, in which light, popular verse will become the handmaid of moral and social reform. The vanity and extravagance of the Flora M'Flimsies have already passed into the easy currency of national proverbs-not confined to one nation, either, but familiar as household words in England and the Continent. Satire and sentiment, wit and pathos are intermingled in [ Mr. Butler's easy versification, as they are properly associated in all feeling minds. Thus far he has done his spiriting gently, sharply satirizing folly when it verges into vice, preserving essential justice by due distinctions, reproving with a loving hand, not sparing the ludicrous, piercing the incrustation on our social system, and penetrating the concealment of humble sorrow and suffering. It is a good work and well performed, not the less thoroughly for its apparent levity. If the shaft has a pictured feather, there is effective steel at the point.

Hearken unto a verser, who may chance Rhyme thee to good and make a bait of pleasure, A verse may find him who a sermon flies, -sings or says saintly George Herbert, and we may fancy auditors, accustomed to nod, unscathed by pulpit warnings, taking to heart a lesson which finds

its way to their fashionable homes, and is echoed

even already by the loungers at their heartless feasts. CONGRESSIONAL ELECTION.—We give elsewhere in this paper such returns from the election for Congressman as have come to hand. We have other reports but as they are indefinite do not care to publish them, preferring to wait for the official vote. Enough is known, however, to render the election of Mr. Vance certain. We are suprised at this result,-indeed, at a loss to conceive how it can be. With a heavy Democratic majority in the District, we never dreamed that there was a possibility of the defeat of Mr. Avery. We knew, it is true, that desarate efforts were being made by the opposition and that distorted and villainously false and malicious stories were in circulation against him, in reference to a personal difficulty he had some years ago with a Mr. Fleming, but we could not believe that the Democracy of the Mountain District could be imposed on by them. That old matter was investigated by the proper legal tribunals at the time of its occurrence, and Mr. Avery triumphantly acquitted; and that it should be dug up form the grave where it has so long slumbered, and, distorted and exaggerated, sent forth as an electioneering hobby in this canvass, is certainly one of the most remarkable things of the day. It serves to show the unscrupulous nature of partisan politics, and the depths of infamy and degradation to which men are willing to stoop, in order to obtain victory over a political opponent. Had that whole Fleming matter been fairly understood by the people, the result of this canvass would have been widely different. The people were, in a secret and underhanded way, filled with prejudice against Mr. Avery; while not a syllable was uttered publicly on the subject, thus giving him no opportunity to defend himself and acquaint the people with the facts. As God is our judge, we had rather be defeated a thousand times than obtain a victory by such means.

Mr. Avery has spent his life in the service of the Democratic party, and most certainly had the right to expect a different verdict at the hands of those who have reaped the benefit of his labor. He is defeated, but by the most unfair, unjust, and ungenerous means. Sustained by the consciousness of his own integrity, and by the recollection of his long and faithful, though ill requited, service to the party, he will bear it with the spirit of a man, and can look with contempt upon the base slanderers and tricksters who have poisoned the minds of an honest people against him, and led them to judge and condemn him without a hearing.

We do not charge Mr. Vance with baving personally assisted in the circulation of these reports; but do distinctly charge that his friends relied upon the capital to be thus manufactured against Mr. Avery, for the success of their candidate. It is apparent at a glance that Mr. Vance is indebted to this personal matter for his election. for while Judge Ellis carries the District by several thousand, Mr. Avery is defeated by about the same figures. As a Democrat, and a man of ability, Mr. Avery stands as fair and as high as any man in the State, and yet he has fallen several thousand votes behind the party strength; -demonstrating, beyond question, that Mr. Vance owes his election to the prejudice engendered by his friends against Mr. Avery on account of a personal matter.

Mr. Vance, on many occasions, vehemently declared that he would support the Administration of Mr. Buchanan. How far he will do so, remains to be seen. It is certain that the political sentiments he has always held are adverse to those of a majority of the people of this District, and but for the personal difficulty alluded to-which constituted the sole stock in trade of his friends-he would never have received votes enough to elect him. How far he may surrender and modify his former opinions, in order to redeem his pledge to sustain the Administration, can only be determined by his future course. -Asherille News.

SOMETHING TO FEEL GLAD ABOUT .- Sitting in our sanctum, says the editor of the Leavenworth Times, now some years past, on a cold and blustering autumn day, we were attracted by the entrance of a bright-eyed little boy, but thinly clad, who told the story of "no father-family sick-out of employment," &c. We were at first disposed to express a mock sympathy, and say we could do nothing; but the boy's large eyes were so swimming with tears, and he so trembled from head to foot, while his conduct and demeanor bore such an impress of truthfulness and sincerity, that we could not find it in our heart to speak harshly, and finally dismissed him with quite a handsome little sum, contributed in the main by our printers—who, by the way, are proverbial, the world over, for their generosity.

The next evening we were somewhat surprised to find the little fellow hanging diffidently about our office door. This time, however, his eyes were bright with happiness, and a sweet smile played over and lit up his handsome features. We asked him to come in, but he merely stepped forward timidly, so as to catch our ear, and earnestly though stuteringly whispered, "Mamma prayed for you last night," and then disappeared as noiselessly as he

Thank God, thought we, for that mother's prayer! And though years have passed since then—though we have bustled through noisy incidents, and mingled in life's struggles, as we are all forced to do—a remembrance of "Mamma prayed for you," still sounds as grateful and as sweet as when it first fell from the lips of that innocent boy.

EXTRAORDINARY EPITAPH ON AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN.—The following curious specimen of sepul-chral literature is copied from an old Scotch tomb-

Here lies the body of Alexander McPherson, He was a very extraordinary person: He was two yards high in his stocking feet. And kept his accoutrements very clean and neat. He was slew At the battle of Waterloo; He was shot by a bullet, Plump through the gullet: It went in at his throat, And came out at the back of his coat.

## From the Elizabeth City Pioneer. JUDGE DOUGLAS.

The individual whose name heads this article, has

excited, for some time back, more interest than any

one individual of the same number of inches in the

country. Occupying, as he did, an enviable position

in the Democratic party, his erratic course has drawn forth comments from every quarter, and his name has been the burden of every stump speech, and has constituted the staple for newspaper articles since the first enunciation of his sentiments upon the Kansas question. When it was known that Judge Douglas would oppose the Lecompton constitution, and throw the weight of his splendid abilities in favor of those who were arrayed against the administration upon this important measure, the Democratic party could but grieve for the defection and infatuation of one, who had, by his herculean blows, driven the cohorts of Black Republicanism before him as the chaff is swept before the power of the hurricane. The Democratic party, the people of the South, had learned to regard the name of Douglas as synonymous with constitutional rights. So ably, so manfully, so gallantly, had he battled in the cause of equal rights and the constitution, baring his strong arm for the fight and wielding his mighty battle axe to the terror and dismay of the hordes o. fanatical and infuriated assailants, that all eyes turned to him as the leader of future contests, and looked forward with confidence to the day when his gallant services should be rewarded by the sffrages of a grateful and admiring people for the first office within their gift. In a moment of infatuation, led heedlessly on by his restless ambition, ungovernable ambition, unable to abide his time, he breaks through all restraints sets at naught the dictates of prudence and of patriotism, throws himself in opposition to the party that had elevated and honored him, affiliates with his old enemies, and the enimies of the Union, in their efforts to defeat an important measure of Democratic policy, becomes the leader o the Black Republican phalanx, and hurls a proud defiance in the teeth of the administration. Before this fatal step was taken, never were the prospects of any man brighter; before the adoption of this suicidal course the goal of his highest ambition loomed up and opened its portals to receive him; before he determined to take this fearful leap, his feet rested upon the topmost round and it was only left for him to step off upon the pinnacle that he had so long labored to attain. Fatal resolution! its execution blighted forever the hopes of his friends and raised a feeling of malignant delight in the bosoms of those who had dogged his footsteps and pursued him with vindictiveness that would have shamed the presiding devil of the infernal regions. Lucifer's desent to his eternal home was not more rapid than that of Stephen A. Douglas from the confidence and esteem of the Democracy. They viewed his course with regret, and grieved for his fall. When Abraham raised the knife to strike his first born in obedience to the command of his Maker, the pang that tore his bosom was not greater than that which ran through the Democratic heart when a rigid adherence to princi ple required the sacrifice of him upon whom had been lavished its homage and its adoration. He fell and there was mourning in the ranks of his friends; he fell, and Black Republicanism triumphed and gloried over the lost one. There were many, however, among his old friends, who anxiously looked for some evidence of repentance, and stood with open arms ready to receive the wandeler; there were many who cherished a longing desire that Mr. Douglas would retrace his steps and bring his giant energies once more to the assistance of a cause for which, years of toil, anxiety, and devotion had been spent. Disappointment awaited them, and they had the mortification of seeing him enter heart and soul into the schemes and machinations of the unscrupulous and malevolent foes of the administration. Time passed on, and the battle for which he had enlisted was over. Of its result we have no intention of speaking. Our purpose is alone with Mr. Douglas. With the close of that struggle came a temporary repose, and again hopes were entertained that better counsels might prevail, that Judge Douglas, willing to bury the past, would endeavor to regain a portion of that confidence which he had lost. Such was the course shadowed forth for him by his friends, and very many of his most ardent admirers hailed the prospect of his return with open demonstrations of satisfaction. They proclaimed their readiness to bury the hatchet, to let bygones be bygons and to once more fight against the common enemy.

Again were they destined to have these hopes blasted; and in a recent speech, delivered by Judge Douglas at Chicago, he shows his determination to revive the old difference, to re open the sore which had partially healed, and to continue his war upon

the compromise of the last Congress. Had Mr. Douglas vielded an acquiescence to this salutary measure, and advised a re-union of the Democracy, instead of venting his wrath upon an extinct issue, the sentiments which he afterwards uttered, partaking, as they do, of the loftiest patriotism and sound conservative statesmanship, he would have had the warm sympathies of every democratic heart, in the arduous struggle in which he is now engaged. The attack upon the English bill proves that Mr. Douglas has not lost any of his bitterness or wavered in his determination to keep alive the fires of discord in his party. The power to calm the disturbed elements was with him; why has he not used it? why has he not, if disposed to restore peace and tranquility, been willing to consign the past to the past, and deal with the living instead of an extinct issue? Let his friends answer the ques-

BURNING OF THE "OLD LOG CABIN."-The telegraph has already announced the destruction by fire of the Old Log Cabin at North Bend, made famous as the residence of Gen. Harrison during the campaign which elected him to the Presidency. According to the reports in the Cincinnati papers there are very strong reasons for believing that the fire was set by one of the servant girls. There were two girls, both named Bridget. The hired men, who slept in small brick buildings detached from the main building, saw, at 11 o'clock on Saturday night, light in the kitchen. As the girls had gone to their room by 10 o'clock, one of them must have gone back to the kitchen, or else some one got into it from without. When the fire was fairly discovered, and the family roused, one of them asked if the girls had been called. One of the hired men went immediately to their room, and found one of the Bridgets up and dressed, her trunk packed and locked, and ready to leave. The other Bridget was fast asleep in bed, and was so paralyzed with fear, when informed of the fire, that she had to be carried from the room. The Bridget first mentioned lost nothing; the other Bridget lost all her clothes and some \$40 of her savings, which was in her trunk. The fire had gained such headway before it was

discovered that a little clothing, a few paintings, and some furniture were all that could be saved. By this fire the public have sustained a great loss in the destruction of a mass of valuable correspondence and papers reaching from Gen. Harrison's first entry into public life till the untimely close of his career. These papers were stored in one of the garrets, and only a basketful or two were saved.

JUDGE ELLIS NOT A PREDESTINARIAN. - Whilst a carriage load of Roberts' voters stood at the Hotel door on election day, waiting for an addition to the contents of the carriage (or of the voters) Maj. stepped up, treated one of the occupants to a McRae ticket and some advice as to voting, and retired to supply others with the same. A leading Democrat who was on the lookout (the Democracy require watching) saw what was done, and stepped up to inquire if the holder of the ticket intended to vote it? Had'nt he always been a good Democrat? And was'nt he bound to vote for Ellis? He always had been a good Democrat, he said; he had'nt promised to vote for McRae, but he never would vote for Ellis, who was opposed to predestination. He had heard Ellis's speech, he said, and he could understand English when there was no Greek mixed up with it, and Ellis was certainly opposed to predestination; he would not vote for him.

Sure enough, it is said that he did not vote for Ellis, and that though he did vote for Sheriff it was in violation of law. Malicious people say that the speech in which Ellis disavowed the doctrine of predestination was made on the Bench, and directed the voter to be whipped, notwithstanding his Democracy and his belief that he couldn't help stealing because predestinated to steal. The Charlotte platform contains no such plank as that relied upon by the voter, and of course Judge Ellis did not believe it .- [From the Sunday Delta.]

REV. JOHN NEWLAND MAFFAT. For twenty-five years-years fruitful in adventure, vicissitudes and glory, the celebrated man whose name heads this article, was the Whitfield of the American Pulpit. From the Penobscot to the Colorado, from Galena to the pillars of the Capitol, the fame and the victories of the orator oscillated like the Indian Ocean, the ebb and flow of which resembled most the times when Wesly preached in the Babylons of England. Scarcely even in the Papal City, did one man exercise a more potent influence than in his mid-career did John Newland Maffat. Wherever he went, whether in the crowded metropolis or the hushed wilderness; whether the religious atmosphere was cold or hot, it was one continued scene of almost miraculous triumph.-Friendship was converted into a feeling akin to adoration, and enemies were metamorphosed into

friends. He had but one hobby-it was that of the Cross, and as if the vision of Constantine was forever before his eyes, the preacher held in the heaven of his soul the august and hallowed Emblem. Like the Roman Emperor, he beheld inscribed upon it, in letters of ineffable beauty: "In this I conquer!"

Men recognized in him everywhere a man, and in that man the inspiration of an Apostle. He accomplished what Genius accomplishes among "every nation, kindred, tongue and people." It is idle to say that a radically corrupt being-a cheat and hypocrite-a knave clothed in sacerdotal habiliments, could have met with such unbroken triumphs, the moment his feet touched the portico of the Church. Frailties he unquestionably had, but who had greater temptations laid to ensuare and entrap them? At length, far away in the land of Bienville, hun-

ted down, with faded reputation, stricken and ill, but with unblenching spirit and unabating fire, the orator of a quarter of a century lay down to die! The malaria of death was in his nostrils, and the inevitable hour had come. Would he swing loose without a hope of immortality? would be dash headlong into the vast ocean of eternity, when the bosom of the great deep was swelling, distorting, bursting in the agony of the storm! Or, would be leave the world with that tranquill chivalry, which always characterizes the Christain worshipper! Silence! Genius is upon the rack!

With his dying breath he declared himself a caluminated man. Thou slanderer, think of that! He said that during his pastoral life, he had been guilty of many frivolous, but no criminal acts-forgave his enemies, expressed an unalterable trust in the Maker of the Stars, and did not doubt but that all would be well!

Thus passed away John Newland Maffat; and if the reader will visit Toulminvile, from whence can he seen the spires of Mobile, in an unobtrusive grave in that tranquil village, his eyes will rest upon the spot where sleeps the most splendid Pulpit Orator like to be seen in a half century to come! The star which arose in the East, over the bright waters of the deep and silent Shannon, culminated in the

American heaven, and went down in the West! Upon a postmortem examination, the left wall of the heart was found to be worn to the consistence of thin paper. The physician, schooled in the subtleties of his art, would give this condition of told you before, it writes the English language as the heart a term known in medical science, but we have a much less technical name for a disaster like this, happening under the circumstances, to the great organ of life. Sensitive feelings, in a delicate organization, long and powerfully worked upon, struggling against slander and vituperation, which, creating emotions of anguish almost unutterable, sending the crimson tide with seething violence along, might break the heart and "loosen the silver cord."

With a few words about Mr. Maffat's powers of oratory, and we have done. He was pre-eminently an orator. It was "action! action!! action!!! that made him "vital in every part in the pulpit .-He has been accused of theatrical gesture, tone and attitude. Granted. Where do we look for accomplished declamation, faultless attitude and jesticulation, and pleasing vocal inflection, but to the actor and the theatre? One may be eloquent, but yet no orator. Demosthenes, Chatham, Patrick Henry were orators, and Maffat modeled after the great masters. He spoke with the inspiration of Isaiahall the emotions, all the passions were painted be-

fore the eye, as upon an intensified canvass. He had not, like Bascomb, a world range of thought, a power like that of the old giants who threw mountains at the gods; nor had he a voice like him, deep, sonorous and uprising as a Handel

anthem, rolling its organ thunder, "The Wrath, the delegated voice of God." Less terrible and less powerful than this great divine, Mr. Maffat was, beyond controversy, a more elegant and finished elocutionist—the most poetically gifted of the twain. We do not say that Maffat had no power-his wonderful sway over the minds of men-the innumerable captives which he bound to the victorious chariot of Christianity, preclude

such a conclusion. Rapid, yet distinct in articulation, suiting the word to the action and the action to the word; in a moment, by a liquidity of vocal intonation, he softened down the asperities of human nature, subdued the heart, and melted it to tenderness.

There was no bestriding the White Horse of the Apocalypse, to ride, Alexander-like, into the mysteries, crudities and inexplicable doctrines of theologic lore. The orator settled in the conviction that the auditory took upon trust that validity of the Bible and the grand principles of immortality illuminating its pages, plunged at once into the subject. He played upon the passions like a necromancer, and overturned, by the vehemence and vigor of his eloquence, the prejudices which other men could not control.

In the after time, when the potent wand of prejudice shall be broken-that after-time which never fails to consecrate-far as Carlyle says, "Men crucify their goods and worship them afterwards!"-the Historian of the Church will pause to think, how one alternately caressed like Whitfield, and denounced like Mirabeau, gained so wonderful an ascendancy over some of the first intellects of his age, and dragged thousands with him to the Altar and the Baptism! The response is easy. It was the triumph of Genius-Genius notwithstanding the faults and the frailties which are ever its heritage, still Genius illuminated and directed by the principles and behests of Christianity.

Spurgeon, the Great English Divine, Coming to AMERICA. - As Spurgeon, the celebrated English divine, whose preaching has created such an excitement in Great Britain, is about to visit this country, a short description of him will not be uninteresting. Mr. Field, the London correspondent of the New York Evangelist, who heard him preach lately to an audience of eight or ten thousand persons, in that

Never had a public speaker a more unpromising exterior than Mr. Spurgeon. He is very short and by," and as he goes waddling up the stairs he looks more like an overgrown boy than a fully developed man. Nor does his countenance betoken superior intellect. His forehead is low, and his upper lip is so short that it shows his teeth, which gives his mouth the appearance of a simper or a grin. Surely, I thought, eloquence cannot come out of such a mouth as that.

But the impression which a physiognomist might form from these dull and heavy features is dispelled as soon as he begins to speak. Then his countenance lights up with animation. His voice is full and clear, and rings through the hall like a clarion, filling every ear with melodious sound."

He speaks extemporaneously, without a note, and his singular eloquence and simplicity of language are most remarkable, and have given him greater notoriety than any clergyman in England. So great are the crowds that flock to hear him that a small fee is charged to prevent confusion and disorder. He speaks twelve times a week, and yet enjoys excellent health.

PIETY AND PROFITS. - A gentleman, who employs a great number of hands in a manufactory in the West of England, in order to encourage his work people in due attendance at church on a late fast day, told them that if they went to church they would receive their wages for that day in the same manner as if they had been at work. Upon which a deputation was appointed to acquaint the employer, that if he would pay them for over hours they would attend likewise the Methodist chapel in the evening. | telegraph cable.

TELEGRAPHS, RAILROADS, &c.-In the Knicker bocker Magazine of 1850, is a pleasant sketch of "A Scene in the U. S. Patent Office," in the year 2050, in which Franklin, Adams, Jefferson and Fulton re-appear, and are vastly astonished by the proof piled up all around them of the gigantic progress of science since their day. Franklin, designated as "Uncle Ben," asks the chief director of the office how long it will take him to go to Boston: "Send you there in five minutes by the watch"

answered the director, "or if that's too soon, in twenty-four hours. It requires powerful lungs to go by balloon-time five minutes-departure every half hour. The magnetic railway train will take you through in four hours, or by the old fashioned railroad in twenty four." "What!" said Uncle Ben. "Is the old stage company entirely broken up?" "Don't know what you mean by stages," said the little man, "but will look for the word in the big dictionary." "Go by steamboat," said Fulton,
"Steam-boat!" repeated the little man—"steam. boat! too everlasting slow-not over twenty miles an hour-well enough for freight, but passengers cannot endure them; they go laboring and spiashing along at a snail's pace, and they are enough to wear out any man's patience. Yet the steamboat was the greatest stride ever made at any one time in the way of locomotion, and was very creditable to Fulton, and the age in which he lived." "That is admitting something," burst out Fulton, who had set like a statue, watching the little man's volubility. "Men and their works," continued Fulton, "must be judged by the period in which they lived. Each improvement, as it succeeds the last, is aided by its predecessor, and altogether they make out the chain of science." "But," said Uncle Ben, "all this talk don't get me on my way to Boston. That is my birth-place. I was there for the last time in 1763. and you know that according to the provisions of my will, there is more than four millions pounds sterling of my money, which has been disposed of by this time by the State somehow." Uncle Ben was always a shrewd fellow in the way of dollars and cents, and I could see he was very anxious about that money. "Oho! oho!" said the little man; "so you are Ben Franklin, and you are the old gentleman who left that legacy. We've got a portrait of you up stairs more than two hundred years old, and it does look like you. Glad to see you! You said something in your life-time about immersing yourself in a cask of Madeira wine with a few friends. and coming to the world in a hundred years again, These are your friends, I suppose?" "These gentlemen," replied Uncle Ben, " are John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, signers of the Declaration of In-dependence." "The other gentleman," continued I, "is Robert Fulton, whom you have spoken of." "Well, I declare!" ejaculated the little man, "this is a meeting! But about that legacy, Uncle Ben, of yours; two millions sterling of it has gone to build the Gutta Percha Magnetic Telegraph lines connect. ing Boston with London and Paris, two of the larg. est cities in the Eastern Republic of Europe." "Gutta percha!-magnetic telegraph!-Republic of Eq. rope!" repeated all of them. "All built under water, and sustained by buoys," continued the little man, "and it works to a charm-plan up stairs in room 204-and can be seen in a moment; and as I fast as my deputy." "Republic of Europe!" exclamed Jefferson again. "Yes sir," said the little man, "for more than a century. No more thrones; no more rulers by divine right; no more governments sustained by powder and ball; no lords nor nobles; man is man, not merely one of a class of men, but individually man, with rights as perfect, and powers as great as any other man. The principles, Jefferson, of your Declaration which you did not create, but only asserted, have prostrated every arbitary government on the globe. Even the Jews, since their return to Jerusalem, have organized a republican form of government, and have just elected Mr. Noah President."

It has not taken but eight years to complete the accomplishment of that portion of the above which relates to an ocean telegraph, an achievement which renders it perfectly credible that the remainder may be realized in the next half century. There are a good many physical and scientific truths yet to be demonstrated, possibly quite as surprising as any which electrified the ideas of "Uncle Ben."

It is a matter of gratification to our countrymen that the American vessel which so efficiently aided in the laying of the ocean telegraph, throwing into the shade the British line-of-battle ship with which she was associated, and showing a combination of powder and tractableness never before seen in a vessel of such size on the ocean, was the master piece of the lamented Steers, whose famous yacht America beat with ease the fleetest vessels. On that occasion, the London Punch perpetrated the following which is not altogether inapplicable to the late generous rivalry between the Agamemnon and Niagara:

Yankee Doodle did not know, When he went a sailing, What the Dickens he should do, If it proved a failing.

"If Johnny Bull should beat me now, As I am going to yot him, I'll try it over anyhow, Another time-odd rot him.'

So Doodle filled his mainsail full, And bade good bye to fear, And fairly beat the British Bull, With one good Yankee Steer.

Now, never mind, dear Uncle Bull, Although you are done "Brown,'
You'il only take the longer pull,
Because you are pulled down.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH-TRINITY AND VALES-TIA BAYS.—Trinity bay, Newfoundland, and Valentia bay, on the western coast of Ireland, were selected as the sites, for the telegraph stations because of the peculiar adaptation of the beach for landing the cable. From past experience the company were convinced that these points presented superior advantages in consequence of the sandy and muddy nature of the bottom of the ocean, secured the safety of the cable, whilst rocks or stones could not fail to be fatal to it. Another reason, we are informed, had some weight. It has been determined hereafter to lay a cable from Placentia bay to the best point either in Nova Scotis or near Portland, Maine, and the short distance between the two points will greatly facilitate the design. At present the connections will be formed with the land running from St. Johns, the capital city, to Cape Ray, the most extreme southwestern point on the island, where the cable which spans the gulf was laid in the month of July, 1856.

The telegraph house will be erected at the head of Bull's Bay. It will be a spacious frame building, containing, in addition to the office or operator's department, a sitting room, a kitchen, eight bedrooms and all the other et ceteras of a well-appointed household. A library will be provided by the company for the use of the operators, and they will have everything that they could desire for the purpose of spending their time in an agreeable manner. The force of operators will number seven, and these must have, among other qualifications, a perfect knowledge of French, German, Italian and transmit messages in all those languages. In addition to the operatives there will be five mechanics to repair the telegraph instruments, and to perform any other work that may be required of them in their particular trade.

The other end of the line, Valentia Bay, does not present quite so many advantages, although it is the best in many points of view that could have been selected. The Bay does not afford a safe place of anchorage during atorms, and the population fre-quently suffer from famine. The small land cove at the head of the Bay has been selected as the place for the landing of the cable, and the telegraph house has been built about four hundred yards from the beach. The junction with the cable will be formed by a land line running to Cork : from Cork to Dublin, thence across the channel to England, and by other connections with the great network of telegraphs which extend over the whole continent of Europe, and which has already embraced within it portions of Asia and Africa.- N. Y. Times.

STAGE ACCIDENT .- We learn that on Tuesday the stage from Salisbury to Asheville was upset near Shelby, and a man named Campbell, a driver on the line, who was on the box with the driver, was killed instantly. A passenger inside escaped uninjured.—

The fourth of August, 1482, was the day on which Christopher Columbus discovered America, and the 4th of August, 1858, 366 years thereafter, the day on which the Niagara reached Trinity Bay with the